

Giving You My Heart

by TheIrishShipperholic

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Summary: AU. When Will & Jay return stateside after their most recent tours, the elder of the two brothers resolves to set his brother up with Jessica "Chili" Chilton, the paramedic in charge at Firehouse 51. But someone forgot to tell Jay his little brother already knew herâ€¦ [Chill, Linstead & Rheese all the way!]

Giving You My Heart

****Title:** Giving You My Heart**

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>Disclaimer: I own nothing but this story and my original characters

>ShowMovie/Book: Chicago Fire and Chicago Med**

>CouplesCategory: Jessica "Chili" Chilton / Will Halstead, Erin (Lindsay) / Jay (Halstead), others to be determined. Slightly alternate universe (AU)**

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>Summary: AU. When Will & Jay return stateside after their most recent tours, the elder of the two brothers resolves to set his brother up with Jessica "Chili" Chilton, the paramedic in charge at Firehouse 51. But someone forgot to tell Jay his little brother already knew herâ€¦ [Chill & Linstead all the way!]

>Author's Note: Before I jump right into this story, I want to tell all of you a few plots from Chicago Fire and Chicago PD will be changed: 1. Erin & Jay hooked up in Season 1 but she didn't get together with Kelly in Chicago Fire. 2. Erin & Jay, for the purpose of this story, were married between then and when this story begins; they have a daughter named Cameron Willa Halstead.

>Chapter One**

>The airplane touches down with a few bumps and the movement jolts Detective Jay Halstead and Dr. Will Halstead out of the slumber they had been in since the start of their flight. The two brothers exchanged glances before grinning; they were finally back on U.S. soil and it felt good to be home. Once the light to unbuckle their seat belts came on, Jay and Will hurry to make their way off the airplane; barely hearing the murmurs from the other passengers. They had heard the five words plenty. "Thank you for your service," Will flirtatiously tells a flight attendant on his way out behind his older brother; sending a smirk and a wink in her direction. Her friends swoon.<p>

"No, thank YOU for your service, Major Halstead," the blonde flight attendant flirts back at him, slipping a piece of paper into the coat he wore. Jay shakes his head at his younger brother's antics before grabbing the back collar of Will's coat to drag him along out of the plane.

"I can't decide which is worse, you flirting then sleeping with one of the flight attendants during our flight or us having to take a commercial flight," Jay told his brother once they were way out of hearing range for the flight attendant. Will just gave his brother a grin that clearly spoke for him in a silent way before they both heard someone call their names.

"Daddy! Unca Will, hi!" Erin Lindsay Halstead â€" although she still used her maiden name for work purposes â€" carried in her arms a VERY excited toddler toward the two men who had obviously been in the tiniest snippet over something important. Once Erin had Cameron ten feet away, the brunette detective set hers and Jay's daughter down and watched with careful eyes as the toddler with those big blue eyes of hers waddled toward her father and uncle. Jay went to pick Cameron up in his arms. She'd gotten so big, but the pictures Erin had sent via phone didn't do her justice now as the dark-haired detective held his little girl close.

Erin watches Jay for a few minutes as Will wanders toward the bathrooms, bumping into a woman with curly hair; the kind he wanted to run his fingers through as they rolled around in bed. _Whoa, where had **that** come from?_ He didn't even know this woman and already he was having impure thoughts about her. But Will also couldn't shake the feeling that he'd seen her somewhere before. "Jess?"

Jessica "Chili" Chilton had seen the man come up to the area where the bathrooms were but kept her gaze firmly on the screen with flight information. At one of the few nicknames she responded to from family and friends, she slowly turned around to face him. "Iâ€|I heard you were coming home today and I wanted to see if the rumors I'd heard about you back in New York were trueâ€|" The rumor mill being that he was a womanizer and flirt and constantly chasing as many skirts as he could, but Chili had always ignored the gossip from the nurses.

Will looked right at her and said, "Anything that they might have said about me then is true but so is this." And then they were simultaneously letting out passion-filled sounds at the coaxing kiss he lowered his head to plant upon her lips; simultaneously reaching to frame each others' cheeks between strong & callous and soft & smooth hands.

The kiss triggered a memory in her.

_**Two Years Earlier â€" COYOTE UGLY SALOON**

>It was another typical night at Coyote Ugly. Wall to wall people in a smoke filled room, rowdy guys hollering at the dancing barmaids. He didn't know why he kept going, but he did.
_

_Who knows? Maybe tonight the Halstead charm will work and I'll get lucky.

>

_He walked up to the bar, recognizing the regulars. Joe from Midtown, nursing a beer after a hard day's work. Saul the stock broker from the Upper East Side still brokering deals long after the stock market closed.

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_ "Can I get you the usual, Will?" A tall blonde with fake breasts and freckles asked the second he sat down.

>

_ "Hey, Cecille. You got it."

>

_Will watched her walk away, admiring the way her black leather pants outlined her long legs and how she always seemed to wear them a tad too low. She had flirted with him countless times before, maybe he had found his target for the night. He was about to say something once Cecille returned but something caught the corner of his eye, diverting his attention.

>

_It was another girl, Hispanic perhaps. Her outfit was simple, jeans and a low backed halter top, but what he could see of her side profile was striking. Wild curly brown hair, a heart shaped face and mysterious eyes. "Sorry, man. I don't go for reds."

>

That one wounded him, and it was rare for his ego to get bruised. But Will wasn't one to give up. "What is wrong with a guy having red hair?" he was quick to retort to her remark. "It just means that we'll have more luck."

More luck? Where the hell had that come from? "I highly doubt that, but I hope it goes well for you." With a roll of her mysterious eyes, the woman with wild curls gently patted the hand he had resting on the bar before walking off with a flirtatious flip of her hair.

Cecille let out a little scoff at the other girl's attitude. "She doesn't seem to like you very much." Will gave her one of his signature smiles then goes to pull her to stand between his legs.

_ "Let's not worry about her." Cecille let out a flirty giggle, her fairly large bust brushing up against Will's firm chest as he signaled for the bartender to deliver a shot glass. It was soon brought to the ginger-haired doctor and Cecille placed it just inside of the bra she wore. Like he did each time he visited, Will dropped his head into her cleavage, leaving a moist trail with his tongue as he used his teeth to wrap around the upper rim of the shot glass.

Once he had a firm hold on the glass, Will lifted his head then folded one set of fingers around the outer edge of the glass, tossing the amber liquid down his throat and welcoming the burn that came with it._

_ "You wanna get out of here?" Cecille asked as she lets the tips of her fingers skitter over the area where Will's pulse raced erratically and he gave her another smile._

_ "I've got a better idea. Meet me in the ladies' room in five?" Cecille giggled one more time then turned and walked off; hips swaying._

_ From her vantage point across the room, Jessica "Chili" Chilton watched with her mysterious eyes while the guy she had turned down flat make his way toward the restroom area but her insides turned to complete mush when he turned back as if he sensed her staring in his direction then sent a wink to her. Oh, she was going to get herself in a load of trouble if she got herself involved with a "player" like him. He was one of a kind._

****Present Day â€" Two Days Later****

>A visit to a friend was exactly what she needed right now as Chili made her way over to where medical school student Sarah Reese stood going over a chart with trauma surgery fellow Connor Rhodes. He was someone that Chili hoped the young woman who resembled her identically in looks would consider more than a friend and colleague. "Hey, Sarah."<p>

Sarah lifted her head to see the paramedic and gave her a smile. "Hey, Jessica. How are you?"

"I'm doing good. I wanted to know if that offer to get drinks was still open?" Chili asked in a hopeful manner.

Sarah gave a firm nod in response. "Of course it is. How does later tonight sound? I promise to have you home at a decent time."

Chili lets out a throaty chuckle. "Consider it a deal."

****C&W E&J C&W E&J C&W E&J C&W E&J C&W E&J****

Two sets of heels made the normal _click, click, click_ noise across the hardwood floor of Bucktown's favorite hangout for those who lived & breathed in Firehouse 51, District 21's Intelligence Unit and Gaffney Chicago Medical Center; the latter otherwise known to ****everyone**** as Chicago Med. Chili & Sarah made their way over to the first empty table they both saw, snagging it for themselves. "So what's going on with you and the dark-haired hunk of a doctor?" Chili asked once she & Sarah were settled in with the beers that Otis brought over.

Two baritone voices greeted her ears as Chili turns to glance toward the door; a deep, throaty chuckle escaping the familiar lips she had first gotten to know two years earlier. The familiar laughter which sent such a thrill through the paramedic that she couldn't suppress an involuntary shiver, turning her attention back to Sarah when the medical student responded to her question. "There's nothing really going on. We're just friends."

That was what Chili had said about herself and the ginger-haired doctor who occupied one bar stool next to his dark-haired companion & second trauma fellow for the E.R. Standing, and walking over, Chili leaned in until her chest was grazing the part of his arm where elbow separated forearm from upper arm. "What's going on, Coyote Ugly?"

****Author's Note:**** And there you have a new collaboration between two authors who have nothing but all the love for two of our favorite doctors in the Chicago E.R. We hope that you'll come back for future chapters, and leave us with some reviews that spark the muse!

End
file.